

The SL Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

o c t o b e r 2 0 1 4

Rock Your Rack
with StarGazer Daylight

The End
by Art Blue

The Beginning of Life:
Realization
by Sedona Mills

M*A*S*H

hitomi tamatzui

Man About Town
Harry Bailey and
Friday Blaisdale

poetry/microfiction

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About the Cover:

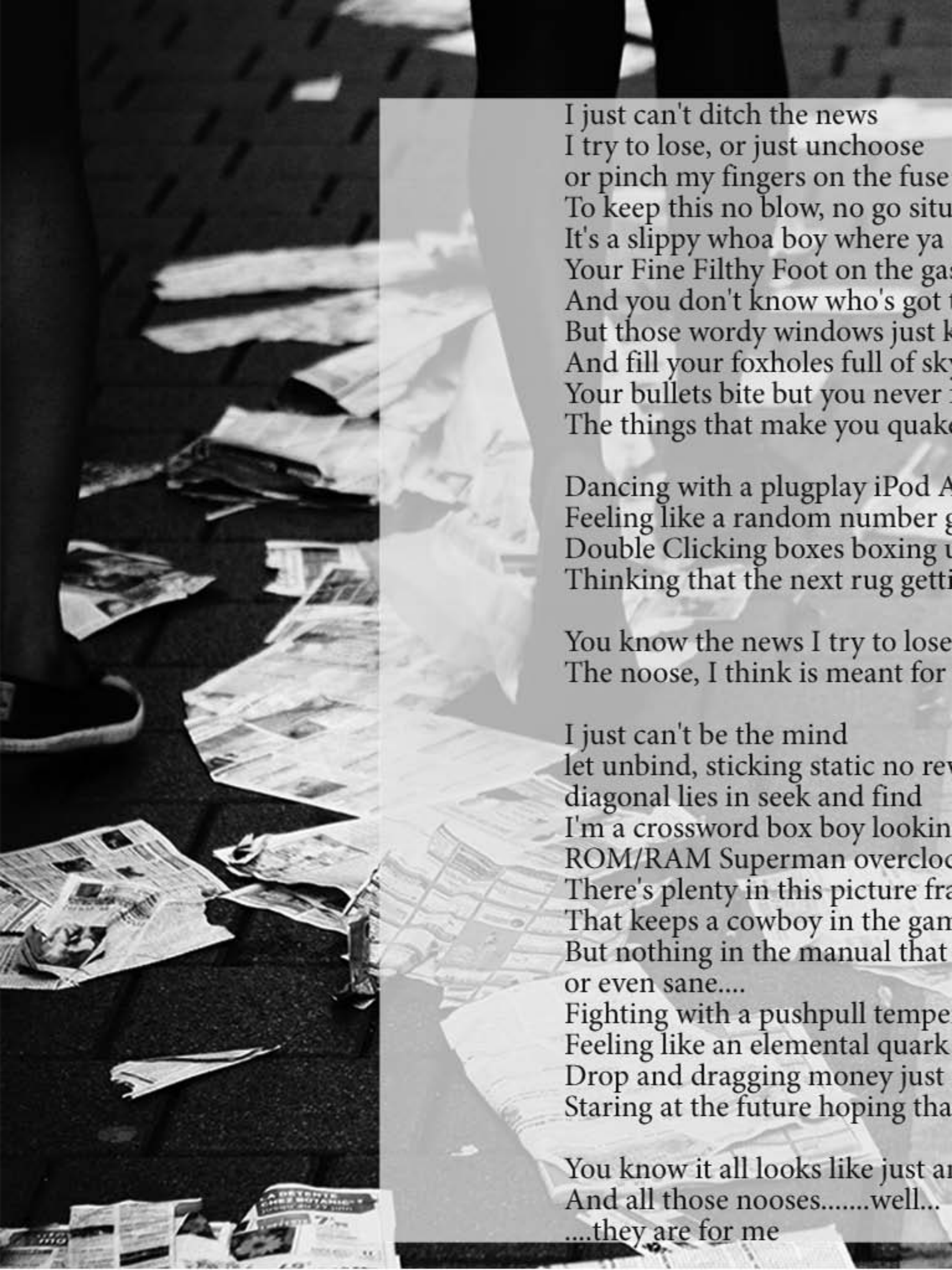
Jamee Sandlewood rocks the runway at Rock Your Rack, SL's second annual charity event to support breast cancer research. Jami Mills captured this exotic beauty in her natural habitat: on the fashion runway, generously supporting a very worthy cause.



The News

by Zymony Guyot





I just can't ditch the news
I try to lose, or just unchoose
or pinch my fingers on the fuse
To keep this no blow, no go situ
It's a slippery whoa boy where ya
Your Fine Filthy Foot on the gas
And you don't know who's got t
But those wordy windows just k
And fill your foxholes full of sky
Your bullets bite but you never
The things that make you quake

Dancing with a plugplay iPod A
Feeling like a random number g
Double Clicking boxes boxing u
Thinking that the next rug getti

You know the news I try to lose
The noose, I think is meant for

I just can't be the mind
let unbind, sticking static no rev
diagonal lies in seek and find
I'm a crossword box boy lookin
ROM/RAM Superman overcloc
There's plenty in this picture fra
That keeps a cowboy in the gam
But nothing in the manual that
or even sane....

Fighting with a pushpull tempe
Feeling like an elemental quark
Drop and dragging money just
Staring at the future hoping tha

You know it all looks like just a
And all those nooses.....well...
....they are for me

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MAYFAIR

an Idle Rogue Production

Stories Of The Mayfair Witches





Performed live at Idle Rogue

12AM - OCTOBER 31ST

8PM - OCTOBER 31ST

8PM - NOVEMBER 1ST



Rock Your Rack
By Stargazer Nightfire



ack
e

photography by Jami Mills

No, it's not a sequel, but rather an ongoing event.

A godsend from the RL people who train models, and are deep in the fashion firmament of SL. All of us should stand in awe of these people, putting so much work into spreading the word on breast cancer early diagnosis, raising money for research; all the while putting on some of the classiest fashion events in SL.

Once again, I had the pleasure of attending a small portion of it, and getting pictures we missed last year.

What I had hoped for this year, however, was to emphasize some of the amazing models, many of whom also function as organizers for this incredible feat of fashion.

What follows is a brief tour through the minds of a few select women in SL who grace our presence and make RYR work.

For starters, let me set the scene; Rock Your Rack took place September 1st through 15th this year. It's the brainchild of Models Giving Back CEO Jamee Sandalwood, and has been heavily advocated and assisted by *Dallas Modeling Company (DMC)* and *Dallas Modeling Academy (DMA)* owner, Suki R. Barrowstone.

The goal is to support National Breast Cancer Foundation, which provides free mammograms, education, support and

early detection services to anyone in need. This is especially important because early detection is the best way to help with survival from this devastating disease.

This year the event involved three sims, 64 designers, including seven Platinum Sponsors: *Barely Legal Couture*, *Delirium Style*, *Legal Insanity*, *Liv Glam*, *Lybra*, *Mute*, and *{Zoz}*. It also featured 10 live musical acts and 13 DJs. There were 16 fashion shows, 10 live musical concerts, a performance by the Dazzler's Dance Troupe, eight DJ dance parties, a 10L Hunt, Silent Auction areas, and two different Gocha! areas. Designers provided fashion creations, with as much as 100% of the funds going to this great cause.

Right from their press release, they also advise a tour of their website: <http://rockyourrack.wordpress.com>.

For more on ModelsGivingBack, go look at their FB page: <https://www.facebook.com/ModelsGivingBack>

or their Flickr page: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/94469096@N04/>

For information about The National Breast Cancer Foundation, please go to: <http://www.nationalbreastcancer.org>

So, it is with great pleasure that rez had a chance to interview Jamee Sandalwood



herself, as well as Lopez Fairlady, Spirit Llewellyn and Xandrah Schiavo, all of whom also worked as models during these two weeks.

I first want to be very serious and applaud Jamee, who not only runs these

Rock Your Rack events annually, but also monthly fashion shows (donations to NBCF, amongst other charities). She shared her motivation for starting RYR last year was that she herself has bravely met this nightmare and survived it.

Jamee noted that, like all great leaders and models, there is always someone standing behind them helping them, or just cheering them on.

She specifically wanted to mention Agnes and Will Finney for their faith in her, their advice and encouragement. After a couple months of guest modeling in their store, they had a casting to hire permanent store models and she applied, winning a position that eventually led from being a store model to store model manager, to runway model and then to store manager for *My Precious*. Agnes also paved the way for her to attend modeling school, which helped her work with other agencies and designers. So, too, she credits Mui Mukerji for taking her under her wing and helping her develop.

Several of the models, and they really are a highly talented bunch, are from across the country and the world. They are often veteran SL avatars who know the territory; how to design their looks, their environment, and their businesses.

These are very classy women (and also men, to be clear).

I was also very lucky to be able to ask a few questions of Lopez Fairlady, who is not just a beautiful model, but also COO of the *Dallas Modeling Company (DMC)* (an agency for SL models), as well as an instructor and recently named Principal of *Dallas Modeling Academy (DMA)* (school for SL modeling). She noted, and I want to strongly affirm this comment, that she especially found it rewarding "knowing that the opportunity we have in this virtual world can raise money and make a difference in the real world." She specific-



ally wanted to pay maximum respect to Jamee for all her tremendous effort and time organizing RYR and dealing with the build, designers, models, scripts, scheduling, and accounting.

the business of modeling, as well as how to step outside boundaries, acting as a teacher for models, and as a business partner.

I asked her about her modeling heroes and she notably stated they are "ones that are beautiful inside and out." She shared as well that she also admired Suki Rensen in her ability to talk with people, understand people and do business. She wanted to recommend Models Workshop for receiving tips and furthering your fashion education.

Lopez started her modeling career with styling events held nightly at CWS, where she developed the excitement and drive to work hard on styling and the confidence needed to perform on stage. From her work at *Dallas Modeling Academy* and *Company*, she learned so much more and about



To have been able to interview these busy ladies was a joy and surprise, to be honest.

Spirit LLewellyn gave me more time than I could have hoped for when I promised I would only ask a few questions. That she was also, like all the others, so gracious and well intentioned was remarkable. Again, as I noted, like so many of the other models, she has been on SL for a bit (seven years in fact), and a model for six years, although only sporadically the first three. She is most proud of being a model representing Colour of Couture as Miss COC 2013, and of the day she was cast into *The Fashion Teller*. I did ask her how she got to be Miss Belize in Miss Virtual World's Colour Of Couture (representing woman of color in the forefront of modeling). She answered that she is part Navajo, and Belize with its history was closest to her ethnicity.

This was her first year with RYR but she went in strongly, doing four shows as well as hosting one. Like so many others, she participates because she knows how important it is, and she knows victims of this plague. And she shared that she also works for breast cancer research during October every year in RL. She also gave a shout out to Belle Rousell, Mila Tatham, and Madrid Solo, hoping they would also be able to join, or 'think pink', as she said,

with RYR next year.

We had enough time to delve into some more peripheral issues, and Spirit shared that she was concerned that fewer people are on SL or joining, perhaps in part due to the economy and tier prices, or perhaps because landowners are having trouble making a profit.

On the fashion front, she swears by Slinks as a model, and notes that Mesh has come a long way but still has a long way to go, from what she called "texture wars," where the same dress could have different textures.

For her modeling heroes, she mentioned Falbala Fairey, Wicca Merlin and Caoimhe Lionheart. She stated that her biggest support came from sisters Reign Congrejo, Sequoia Nightfire and Madrid Solo, crediting them with being the ones that make her see things clearly sometimes. As for fashion houses, she specifically cited Bodza Mubble with *LI* Living Imagination (although may be rebranding), as well as Trea Beau, Gizza, [LG], Madrid Solo for makeup ("not just because she is my sis, but because she is that good"), [ZOZ] for slinks, and so many great designers out there.

It is interesting to note the participation of people from so many different walks of life, whether they be therap-

ists, behavioral therapists, RL models, casino dealers, you name it. A wide range of people can be an SL model and an SL leader, it seems.

She wanted to state to the readers to please "treat each other well and value life, along with all the gifts we have been given." Absolutely!

The fourth model to share thoughts with me was Xandrah Sciavo, who only accidentally became a model in 2010, hoping to win a dress she spied at a vampire ball. From there it took off and now she really loves being a part of RYR. One thing she specifically wanted to point out was how RYR allows designers the chance to not only showcase their hard work, but to contribute exclusive designs to help the cause.

She's really thrilled to be involved with such a talented group of people with a strong sense of philanthropy, dedication and perseverance. She wonders, as I also do, what sort of task it would be



to do something on a comparable scale in the real world! Certainly something to think about. Something I personally have been thinking about recently!

Like every other model involved in this event, she was so thankful to Jamee, and to the designers who sponsored this event, and was also grateful to the models who worked for hours to style many different outfits for several shows, create pose choreographies, and write their outfit descriptions for each outfit.

Having some longevity in SL by her own admission, Xandrah wondered whether Linden Lab's new virtual platform will debut to a large exodus of avatars. That is coming soon enough.

She noted her start through *BOSL Magazine*, who once named Mui Mukerji as one of the most elegant women in SL. She agrees, and described Mui as funny, kind, and honest, but also firm and helpful in her early days, a great and patient teacher. She was the first one who gave her a good talking-to about wearing a facelight on a runway casting when she didn't know any better, about coloring feet, even buying her first boot fixer. She thanks Mui in one instance when she was in tears because someone copied her look down to the eyeballs, by laughing it off and noting that while a person's look can be copied anytime, they cannot copy someone's sense of style or their personality. In a funny aside, she notes often asking herself, "WWMD?" (What Would Mui Do?)!

When I asked her about fashion leaders, she interestingly replied, "I don't see anyone in SL as a fashion leader, nor would I want to place any content creator above any other. I think we all come together in this unusual place, bringing our own unique experiences, talents, and personalities, and over time I have grown to very much dislike the notion in SL fashion that any one

person - designer, model, photographer, agency owner, or whatever - is better than any other person. At the end of the day, we all put our real life pants on in the same way. I'd like to see us appreciate one another for our individual creativities and celebrate those, rather than creating a hierarchy of importance in a very small corner of a virtual place, which comprises an even tinier portion of what's out there on the web. That's the "snobby" quality that most people outside of SL fashion hate about SL fashion, and my skin prickles a bit at the thought of singling anyone out as 'the fashion elite.' " I think that answer clearly speaks for itself.

Of course, RYR is a great event, but not alone in SL. There are other great causes being supported, and that is a credit to so many good hearts in SL. Xandrah specifically noted Relay for Life as another charity that has a huge following in SL and the real world. She pointed out the numerous world tragedies, such as the tsunami in 2011, that have inspired the community to come together and give of themselves. She also noted she has seen events supporting the fight against domestic violence, child abuse, and promoting the education of women and children. Xandrah pointed to another, Stand4Love - - a yearly public relations campaign that supports everyone's right to love and marry, regardless of sexual orientation.

As I always do, I asked these models for some additional favorites of theirs in the fashion world, and they additionally noted *Lybra*, *Ghee*, *Styles by Danielle*, *Truth Hair*, with RL inspiration coming of course from *Vogue* and *L'Officiel*. Xandrah also added that Linda Reddevil is another hero who has in-

spired her.

I want to be clear that these four represent just a few of the amazing men and women lending their fashion power to help. It is worth mentioning once more the exhaustive work of Suki R. Barrowstone, who specifically leads many of these fashion shows as Master



of Ceremonies (or should I say Mistress?). I know how hard she works on this and so many other projects from close personal observation as her occasional administrative assistant at the *Dallas Modeling Academy*. She has a heart of gold and a brain full of knowledge, building and designing things in a flash. But she is also one of the lead teachers at *DMA* and is helping introduce a whole new generation of modeling greats.

during the two shows (again of so many) she was able to attend. I am thankful to her for her time and effort, and together we wish to congratulate the other models in those shows: Lua Vendetta, Sapphire Inglewood, Laetitia Vella, and Vichonette Constantine. Please applaud each of these models, and others working with RYR, if you know them or just see them around!

I want to close this brief tour through the minds of some of the models and



I also would be remiss not to mention Jami Mills (*rez* publisher and photographer extraordinaire), who photographed the models for this article

leaders of RYR with this amazing announcement:

RYR will be donating \$2000 USD this



year from Rock Your Rack to the National Breast Cancer Foundation! An amazing feat and a reason RYR will be back next year and probably for a long time into the future. Please be sure to check them out next year if you did not this or last year. It should be an annual pilgrimage!

Always,

Stargazer Daylight

. r — e — z .







Woodoo Shilton Loreen Legion

double
streaming
at Key West

October
4th and 18th
9 pm slt

The Beginning

Chapter 5



by Sedona Mills

photography by Loreen L

ing of Life

ix: Realization

Come to your
Virtual Office

egion and MyNameIs Legion

Stan's senses were awakened more by the scent of Belinda's perfume than by her presence. Those senses engendered thoughts of them in the throes of passion, and brought a slight smile to his normally drawn and plain face. But Stan would not have any of that now. Belinda was more of a hindrance than a help, and in his mind was just along for the ride. He hoped, for now, she would stay out of his way. However, when this case was over and Dan was caught and put away, he hoped her newly added respect for him would make the ideas running through his head a reality.



Belinda returned to her seat, feeling the absence of gravity as the orbiter was still near its apogee over the United States. She took a good look at the United Nations agent in the seat beside her. While he wasn't even close to a toad of a man, Belinda hoped she

wouldn't have to use her charms on this one as she had with so many others in the past. The thought of any type of intimacy with Agent Morgan caused a repulsion to grow inside of her that would be hard to mask. This didn't worry her overly, as she had been with worse.

Sitting quietly for a few minutes, Belinda finally breaks her silence. "Why Denver?"

Stan, still daydreaming about how Belinda would be in bed, turned his head to look at her with a quiet and confused "What?"

"Why Denver? Why is he flying to Denver?"

Stan now cleared his thoughts and turned his attention to the question at hand. "I'm assuming that is where he'll be meeting his accomplice, the person he's been communicating with."

Looking at him with a look of forced confusion, hiding her knowledge of Dan's final destination, Belinda shifted in her zero-gee seat and moved in a bit closer to Stan, putting her hand on his arm and feeling his instinctive reaction as his muscles tightened at her touch. She pressed on: "If you were an accomplice to Stan's crimes, would you hide in Denver?" she said in a soft purring voice.

Stan, now realizing where this was going, decided to play out this conversation to entertain this lovely but ignorant “insurance investigator” by

Belinda upon hearing Stan’s reply looked at him with surprise. “Do you have a direct mental link to the Cyber World on the World Wide Grid?”

While he wasn’t even close to a toad of a man, Belinda hoped she wouldn’t have to use her charms on this one as she had with so many others in the past.

replying, “Well, I wouldn’t. I’ve given that some thought too and most likely his accomplice is hiding out in the Rockies to the west or maybe the open spaces to the south.”

“I see. But is there a possibility that maybe he’s going to grab a connection flight to some other location? He may be landing in Denver to confuse anyone trying to follow him. Or maybe where he needs to go doesn’t have an airport capable of handling commercial orbiters?”

Stan immediately realized his respect for Belinda had now grown from more than a physical attraction. She made a good point. He thought for a minute and then smiled. “Let me see what I can find out. I’ll connect with my virtual agent back in the grid and see what connecting flights are leaving from Denver within a few hours of Dan’s flight arriving there.”

“Yes, of course. All Special Cyber Crimes agents are equipped with the latest Mind-VE interface technology as standard equipment. Give me a few minutes to find out what I can about connecting flights.”

As Stan closed his eyes, Belinda considered the idea of having the new Virtual Environment interfaces implanted into her brain. The latest nano-technology of the last ten years made incredible advances into the medical sciences, including the ability to create nanomachines that can monitor the brain’s synapses, effectively allowing communication with one’s thoughts directly in the mind of an individual. That, coupled with the photonic technologies now taking over the grid, now make it possible to communicate directly to the World Wide Grid with your mind. However, many people were concerned about the privacy of their thoughts, so most chose against having the nanites

injected into them, including Belinda.

As Stan closed his eyes, he directed his thoughts to reach out to the Cyber World on the grid. At first it took a bit of effort to make it happen, but now he could do it as easily as tying his shoes. He first felt his mind connect to the satellite communications on the orbiter, put there for those who wished to entertain themselves or work on the grid while in flight. The new wireless interface now on the government jet allowed Mind-VE interfaces as well. Almost immediately upon connection Stan felt the tentacles of the grid enter his mind. He directed his thoughts to the offices of the Cyber Crimes Unit.

“Welcome Stan to the Cyber Crimes Virtual Interface. How can we assist you today?” was heard clearly in Stan’s mind as an image of a beautiful female behind a desk appeared before him.

“Speak to my assistant, please.”

“Yes, of course Stan. You have been brainwave-authenticated and are now authorized to enter the site. Have a wonderful day,” replied the voluptuous redhead with a blank stare. Stan often wondered how the male greeters looked to those preferring men over women, but then quickly brought his attention back to the task at hand. Moving past the clerk, he walked down the simulated hallways to an office not unlike his own in the “real world.” Stepping in, he saw his personal virtual assistant Maggie May seated there.

“Good morning Agent Morgan, what may I do for you?” Maggie stated with a somewhat blank smile in her face.

Stan, having designed Maggie himself, made her up to be what he thought in his mind the perfect woman would

“You have been brainwave-authenticated and you are authorized to enter the site. Have a wonderful day,” replied the voluptuous redhead with a blank stare.

Stan, knowing the female was actually a virtual worker, a brainless avatar but with all of the intelligence and knowledge that could be collected by the U.N. computers, replied, “I need to

look like. Her body was beyond being natural to the point of almost taking on Barbie Doll proportions. With huge breasts and a super thin waist, long legs and long flowing strawberry blond hair

about her shoulders, she was a sight to behold. While she was now in her standard business attire, Stan from time to time would take it upon himself to take sexual liberties with his virtual assistant. She wasn't real after all, and the government didn't really care what you did with your VAs after hours. They weren't actually human and thus had no personal rights. She was Stan's property and would provide whatever function he asked of her.

"Maggie, I need you to connect to the US-FAA database. Look up the flight information I've saved for Dan Rogers for today from Naples to Denver and see what connecting flights occur out of Denver for the next three hours."

Maggie, following up the request with a smile, almost immediately replies, "There are 14 connecting flights, Stan."

Upon hearing that, Stan opened his eyes to bring himself back to the world of the living but, kept the connection open. Turning to Belinda, who only a few seconds earlier saw him close his eyes, he responded, "There are 14 flights out of Denver within three hours of Dan's arrival."

"That was fast, Stan," Belinda stated patiently, and followed with, "Well, let's rule out any other destinations that can land commercial orbiters. And let's assume no large metropolitan areas too. I

still think his accomplice would be someplace quiet and out of the way."

Nodding his acceptance of her logic, Stan closed his eyes and relayed the request to Maggie. Maggie instantly replied that only three departures fit the new criteria; Boise, Reno and Des Moines.

Stan thought about the three destinations for a moment and then asked, "Maggie, are there any orbital flights entering the United States from Naples or Rome that also have connecting flights to those three cities with a shorter travel time?"

"Yes, Stan, there is a flight from Naples to Seattle with a short layover that has the connecting flight arriving 40 minutes earlier in Boise and there is a flight from Naples to Chicago with a connecting flight to Des Moines arriving 72 minutes earlier than the flight connecting in Denver."

"So the only destination that does not have a connecting flight with a better itinerary is Reno?"

"That is correct, Stan. There is an orbital from Rome to San Francisco but the connecting flight doesn't arrive in Reno for another six hours, 43 minutes."

Stan liked what he heard, but wasn't



completely convinced. He had one more idea: "Maggie, pull up the data on Dan Rogers' financial accounts from the Brasilia robbery database. Cross-reference all of his account locations that we have on record to financial institutions in Denver and Reno. Is there a match?" Dan was happy that the "too big to fail" financial laws occurred six years ago. Now that no financial institution could have more than one branch, no more than one location to house its assets, he could use this to leverage the search.

"One moment please. Accessing the database and processing," Maggie replied. About 20 seconds later she replied with a smile, "There is no fin-

ancial institution used by Dan Rogers in Denver or Reno. However, I expanded my search radius out 50 miles from those locations and found one match. The El Dorado Bank, located in South Lake Tahoe, California."

Stan smiled and thanked Maggie for her assistance, while at the same time making a mental note that she would really look great in a French maid uniform. He would have to remember that for some fun later this week.

Opening his eyes and disconnecting from the Cyber World, he turned to face Belinda with a smile on his face. "He's going to Reno. I'll redirect the flight there."

Belinda smiled and nodded, thinking with relief that maybe she wouldn't have to seduce or kill this man. Hopefully, this assignment was going to be gravy after all.

Checking the arrival board at the Reno Air Terminal, Harry found that Dan's flight was on time and continued on his route to the arrival waiting area. The lovemaking of the previous night with Rhonda invaded his thoughts as he found a seat and watched the movement of the planes in their directed ballet outside.

After about 20 minutes, a chime sounded, followed by the perfect computerized voice of a woman stating that Dan's flight from Denver had arrived. Harry, along with a few other people in the waiting area, looked up to the display to see the aircraft parking, and the jet-way moving to accept the passengers into the terminal. Harry rose from his seat and made his way to the greeting area, passing a rather interesting couple. The man looked at Harry, a look of shock crossing his face. The incredibly beautiful woman beside him, obviously out of his league, showed no reaction, stared blankly at him as he moved by.

Immediately, Harry's alarms went off as he realized he was recognized, hopefully by nobody more than a fan of tech history.

Stan and Belinda arrived at the Reno terminal on their private government orbiter. Since the private orbiter was



much smaller than the commercial ones, the airport could accommodate the aircraft with no issue.

After grabbing a rental car from the private terminal, they drove to the international terminal and now found themselves sitting quietly waiting for Dan's arrival. Dan looked around the contents of the terminal, now beginning to show its age after many years of use without renovation. Since the conservative rise of the late 2020s, the religious groups that helped bring them to

power banned gambling nationwide. Reno's smaller but still majestic casinos were then run out of business, forcing the "Biggest Little City in the World" into a dusty, sleepy small-town status.

The two discussed a plan to arrest Dan, and decided that Belinda would approach Dan as he exited the gates, cozy up to him to get his attention while Stan, coming from behind, detained him. Belinda would then explain to any security that may show up who they were, and what they were doing. They figured simple and quick worked best.

As the arrival of Dan's plane was announced, Stan looked around at the assortment of people waiting for flights. Nobody there took any interest except for one man. Stan couldn't place him exactly, but he knew he had seen him before. Upon the announcement, the man he couldn't place rose and headed for the gates. Belinda, hearing the announcement, started to rise but Stan immediately put his hand on her bare knee, below the hem of her short skirt. Belinda fell back to her seat, looked at Stan, and noticed the gentleman approaching them.

As the older man passed, Belinda didn't see what Stan's interest could be. As she looked up at him, trying to keep her face as impassive as possible, she could see that Stan was staring obviously. This "rookie move" irritated her, again

hoping this assignment would soon be over.

After the man passed, Stan forcibly grabbed Belinda's arm and brought his lips to her ear whispered, "Do you know who that was?"

Belinda, looking exasperated, replied, "No, but by the look on your face, you obviously did."

Stan, not getting her obvious glib comment, nodded. "That was Harry Jorgensen!" almost shouting in her ear.

Belinda, moving her head back a bit from his shouting, faced Stan. "Who?"

"Harry Jorgensen! Dan and I studied under him at MIT!"

"You're excited about recognizing some old college professor?" Belinda state matter-of-factly.

Stan looked at her with a confused blank for a second and then shook his head. "No, no, no. We studied artificial intelligence systems from him! He's the guy that invented Simon!"

"I thought he was dead," Belinda shot back.

"No, he disappeared. Nobody knows where he went."

It only took a few seconds for Belinda to realize what he was saying, but still wanted to make sure. "So, you're saying you just recognized the guy that has been hidden for years? The same guy who invented Simon? Simon, the AI that brought the world's economy to its knees for control of all mankind?"



Stan nodded approval as she spoke and blurted out, "Yes, that Simon! And yes, that guy! The same guy that is now heading to meet somebody on "DAN'S" flight!!"

Belinda, now realizing the source of Stan's obvious agitation, stood up immediately. "Oh shit, Stan! He's here to meet Dan!"

Stan, stood up beside her and moved his lips to her ear, whispering, "Maybe we shouldn't try to apprehend Dan right now. We need to see how this plays out."

Belinda, not looking at Stan as she listened his words, slowly nodded her head in approval. Immediately she turned to Stan. "Look, you follow them. I need to hit the ladies room for a moment, okay?"

Stan looks at her incredulously. "Now?"

Belinda was already heading in the direction of the restrooms as she spoke, "They still have to collect his bags. I'll meet you at baggage claim."

Stan shook his head, murmuring his agitation and started to follow Harry to the gate receiving area.

Sitting in a stall, Belinda established communication with her supervisor and explained the situation. Her boss's brow furrowed as he heard the news.

"We had some idea that Dan was involved with some radical group, stealing money from Brasilia to fund their operations. But we had no idea it was Harry Jorgensen," the man on her communications screen replied.

"Do you have any new orders for me, sir?"

Belinda's supervisor thought for a moment before responding. "Yes agent. You need to determine if this group is attempting to create another artificial intelligence. If they are, you are to consider them a terrorist organization. You will shut down operations and terminate all you find involved."



Then, slowly leaning forward into the camera, he followed up with, "You must leave no trace of this to be found. You must also terminate the Cyber Crimes agent. Make it look like a fire-fight occurred and he was killed in action. Do you understand your new orders. Agent May?"

Nodding slowly as she absorbed her new mission, Belinda replied with a simple "Affirmative."

"Then I suggest you get to it, agent."

As the screen went dark, Belinda, sitting in a stall in the women's restroom, sighed deeply. Her day just took a turn for the worse. She hoped it wouldn't last too much longer.

As Harry and Dan left the airport, now moving west on I-80, Harry turned on the autopilot and allowed the old Bronco to drive itself as they headed up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains from the flat valley where Reno sat.

Looking at Dan, Harry asked, "So, do you have the final code changes for the hack?"

Smiling, Dan pulled out a memory stick to show Harry. "Here it is, fully tested and ready for integration into the main software branch." He then handed it to Harry, who looked at it for a moment before depositing the small item in his pocket.

"We need to stop off at the lab and install this. I'll have Jerry run all of the recursive and integration tests. Hopefully, Julio will have no problem taking Raj's crack into the Cyber World as long as his virus program can ride on your hack into the worldwide grid."

"There won't be any problem, Harry," Dan replied, continuing, "All of Julio's specs are included just as he asked. You get this installed and all that is left is for Julio and Raj to enact the sequence."

Harry nodded and remained quiet for the remainder of the trip to the lab,

thinking that this was it. All that had to be done was to install this code and engage the primary avatar. Upon arriving



at the lab, he and Dan entered the building, installed the software and then left. Harry smiled as they left the building. How simple it was, how inconsequential it seemed that only one task was left to change the world. Irony was a strange lover, Harry thought.

As they approached the Bronco, Harry said, "You'll stay at the house. Rhonda made up all of the spare rooms."

"Oh, Rhonda is here?" Dan replied, a mischievous look appearing on his face.

Harry, seeing Dan's demeanor change upon hearing about Rhonda, held back his irritation and flatly stated, "Yes, she is. And I expect you to be on your best behavior."

Following the men in the Bronco, Stan and Belinda remained quiet on the drive to the lab. They saw the Bronco pull off the road and immediately Stan pulled the rental car over and they both got out. Moving into the trees beside the road, they made their way to the nondescript looking building. Hiding behind a mound of dirt, they watched both men enter the building. After a few minutes, they both come back out, climbed into the Bronco and left.



Stan looked at Belinda. "So, what now?"

Belinda bit her lower lip in thought and replied, "Well, I don't know about you, but I want to see what's in that building." Belinda rose and moved to the building's only obvious door.

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p h o t o g r a p h
j a m i m i l l s



o h y



M*A*S*H

Photography and text



4077

by Hitomi Tamatzui

In 1970, Robert Altman and screen writer Ring Lardner, Jr. created a war comedy movie that detailed the exploits of military doctors and nurses at a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital in the Korean War entitled "M*A*S*H. Between exceptionally gory hospital shifts and countless rounds of martinis, wisecracking surgeons made it their business to undercut the smug, moralistic pretensions of Bible-thumpers and Army true-believers.

On September 17, 1972, CBS began its own television series using the same characters and war scenario as the movie. The TV show highlighted members of the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital care for the injured during the Korean War and used humor to escape from the horror and depression of the situation. The show aired 256 episodes and ran until February 28, 1983, years longer than the actual conflict, which ran from June 25, 1950 to July of 1953.

Between exceptionally gory hospital shifts and countless rounds of martinis, wisecracking surgeons made it their business to undercut the smug, moralistic pretensions of Bible-thumpers and Army true-believers.

M*A*S*H created a casual, chaotic atmosphere emphasizing the constant noise and activity of a surgical unit near battle lines. Although the on-screen war was not Vietnam, M*A*S*H's satiric target was obvious in 1970, and Vietnam War-weary and counter-culturally hip audiences responded to the film's frankly provocative humor and its anti-war, anti-Establishment, anti-religion stance. M*A*S*H became the third most popular film of 1970, after Love Story and Airport, and it was nominated for five Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Best Director.

Tahiti Rae was one of its millions of enthused viewers who found the show more about people than about the war. Seizing an opportunity at the Linden Endowment for the Arts (LEA), she and her partner, Sonic Costello, were able to recreate the entire M*A*S*H 4077 hospital on LEA sim # 2. Also contributing important aspects to the build were her sister, her friend Sapph, and a few close friends who wish to remain anonymous. Others who contributed their creative talents were Mitsuko Kyori and Kayden Rae.

Tah, as she prefers to be called, applied to LEA with M*A*S*H 4077 and de-



she feels that events, like any war or event, including September 11, 2001, will never be forgotten, whether it was 13 years, 40 years, or centuries long ago.

She felt this type of project would be a tribute meant to keep our past alive as a tool for the future. "In a time of great conflict on this planet, I wanted to recreate M*A*S*H because I think it's

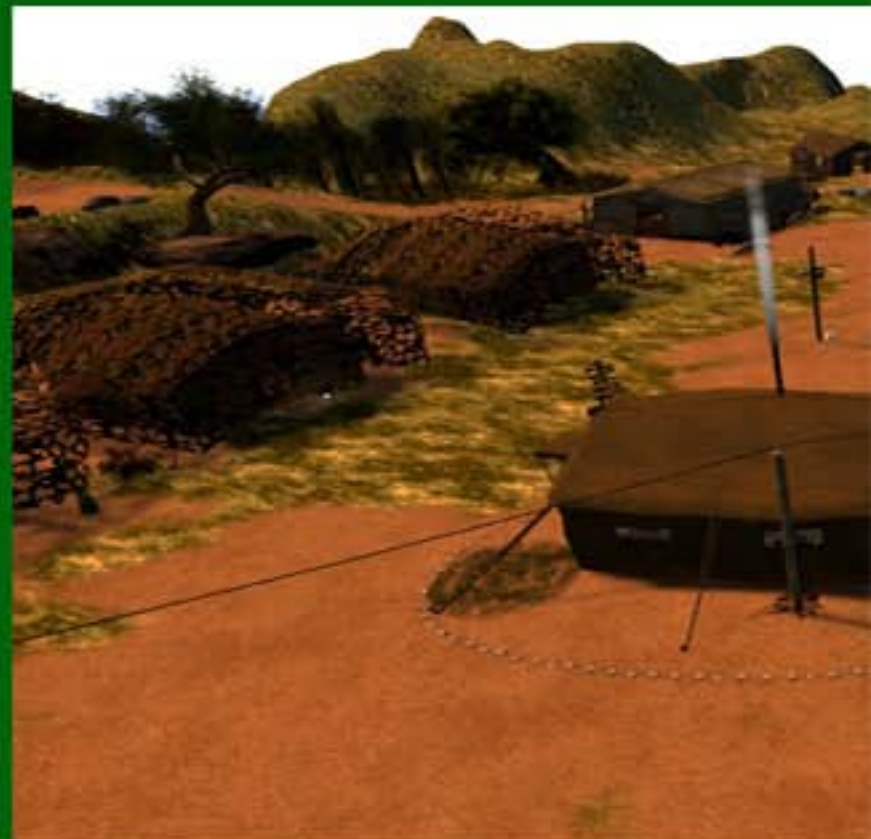
scribed her vision of the irony, cohesiveness, love and humor that can occur in the midst of tragedy and wanting to build a tribute to the memories of the impact the original creators had on us. It still has an impact on the world today and



important that we remember how war separates us, and yet also how it brings us together," Tah writes. "Humans will always defend their right to freedom and that of the freedom of others. There is a message for today's world. We learn from our history. War should always be defensive, not



Colonel Potter's Office



40



Major Hot Lips Houlihan's Tent



Hawkeye's Still



Colonel Potter's Tent



Hawkeye's Cot



077th Camp



Colonel Potter's Horse Sophie



Heliport



Father Mulcahey's Tent



Korean School Bus



Child Arrival



offensive. Freedom, peace, and the human spirit always prevail and are worth the sacrifice. I am humbled and honored to make a place for people to visit that would touch on the full gamut of emotion that the writers and actors burned into our memories with this television series. We use the past as part of our foundation for the future.”

As you enter the sim, you first land in a welcome house in the sky, where you can read a short note about the sim and some facts about the show and, if you like, leave your thoughts in the M*A*S*H guest book. From there, you

teleport directly to the M*A*S*H heliport and land where patients arrived. Clipboards are placed all over the sim and refer to the story or YouTube video clips from the show or fan compilations. Each has something important to say. The ones in the post-op ward contain stories from real veterans. These are real video interviews with Korean war veterans. The movie and TV creators actually interviewed soldiers, surgeons, nurses and other personnel that served on the front lines to portray what they went through. “That taste of reality reminds us all, that we better have a good reason to go to war. I



the build, it's more fun to keep the end of the story a secret so that others can be surprised.

The sim opened on September 1 and Tah says that visitors have come to the sim who are fans of the show, even though they had not yet been born when the show originally aired. "I have yet to meet one person who did watch

searched videos and chose a few for the sim. I didn't pick any particular one, because they all count. If you explore the sim close enough, you will find a teleport to the end of the story, where again, the clipboards will have something special for you." She mentioned that, while humbled that others have been inspired to write blogs about

the show WHO was not impacted by it," she wrote. The sim can be found at



<http://maps.secondlife.com/second-life/LEA2/54/88/30> and runs through November 2014.

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After Dark Lounge

At Mai Tai

CONTACT: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
Facebook.com/rhispoem

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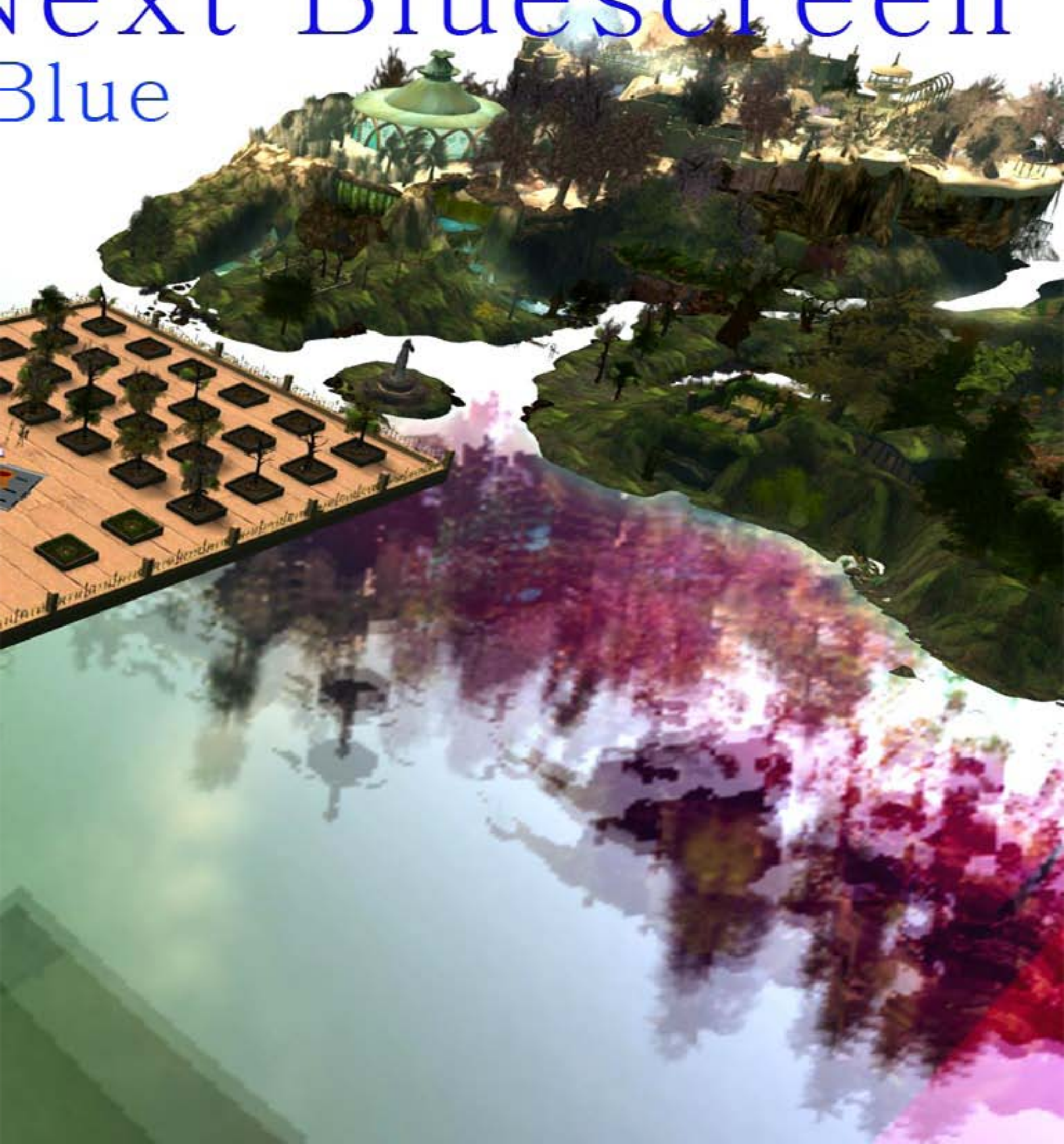
Contact Meegan Danitz or Corialote Dougall

The The N by Art R




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PEACE MECHANISMS
5th July 2014 - 5th October 2014
SANTORINI

End: Next Bluescreen Blue



To Lie or Not to Lie

Quite a few days passed as I was set on a forced sleep. Don't ask me how and why this happened. I say: it must have been the alcohol I am not used to. So let's blame the molecules setting me off for quite a while. You shall feel safe, that you are able to control yourself. To define yourself. That no one can stop you from setting your path. That you can log in whenever you like to get to life.

You ask me, "What about Harry Hacker and the interview I had with him?" Part of the bet was that I will not tell what he told me. I read the story DEFCON 2 in the last issue of *rez Magazine*. Not badly written at all, for the most part. Not bad for a hacker. And I must admit he doesn't seem to be a bad guy at all. He must be a white hat. Why I have this impression? Look at Florence84 he mentioned in his article as a tool for a hack. Harry ensured that no one will be fooled. You know after having read DEFCON 2 how to treat the information in her profile: "Voice verified." She waits on Welcome Island. She says you have to be a millionaire. Are you? As a perceptive reader of the female gender, you got the trick being a fan of Harry? Create a Harry49 and offer Florence84 partnership - payment info on file in your profile, of course. Harry49 is still free to catch! Ladies don't wait too long to get the Bugatti!

Have you seen the ad in the last issue of *rez*? What a tease, placing his car in my gallery and this month again, stating that Rhonda's Ph.D. is fake! But he pays well, so I let it this ad be placed in the middle of my article.

One point I have to state clearly. Doings that Harry lines up shall have no impact on going on with my story about The End. The theme is much too serious. Let me keep the flow of words and let it look like this part now just follows smoothly the first one: *The End: This World Counting Down*. I shall not lie. This was my promise to the editor of *rez Magazine*, Jami Mills. Is it a lie to hide what has to be said and you babble things of no importance? You have to tell when you don't know what your code can do. How your code may behave when data gets in which was never meant to get in and you don't know what will happen.

What example shall I use? Harry Hacker spoke interesting words outside the protocol to Jami Mills. Often the most important things stay outside. What happens when the code falls in love? You know the partner box? Sure you do. A long way to get in, a fast way to get out. A coding has to be free of lies, and the coder has to ensure that no stack overflow happens when data gets in that never should get in, data that was never meant to be produced. Love shall never happen, you say? No! I have

HARRYHACKER.COM



I shall hack this art from the Ferrisquito collection of the early Bryn. Old Harry shall buy me the diamonds from Chop Zuey, hand me over his Bugatti and send this bitch Rhonda with her faked Ph.D. to hell.

FROM THE RECORDS OF FLOPPY DISC E84

[published 2029]

1,000,000 copies sold!

not said this. I spoke just of a risk. No risk, no fun! Take it to your box of quotes. Am I the first ever saying this? Yeah, I am lucky! Maybe in this low developed world I am now your hero and you get words and insights you never had before. Then tell Jami Mills that Art Blue makes you happy so she does not cut the lines of codes I shall deliver. I don't like when my message is cut down to pieces. On a good pasta dish with spaghetti served *al dente*, you shall not use a knife. But I am about to lose track. Yes, in *The Artefact*, it is stated that I once cut spaghetti code to pieces. In Art, a change of view is allowed, isn't it? Am I in love? Am I going mad on being? Good that I don't know. I told

in. I shall add for a future telling that I have more stunning news to report: A good coder can duplicate you in this world on a mouse click - or was it in a similar world? But there is more. The "Still Not Known One" is able to do it by the code of blood, as he calls it. You press the button for duplication and you see yourself cloned - and you keep hair, shoes, dress, bow, sword, belt, dagger, headpiece - - or was it just a dream and you rez ruthed?

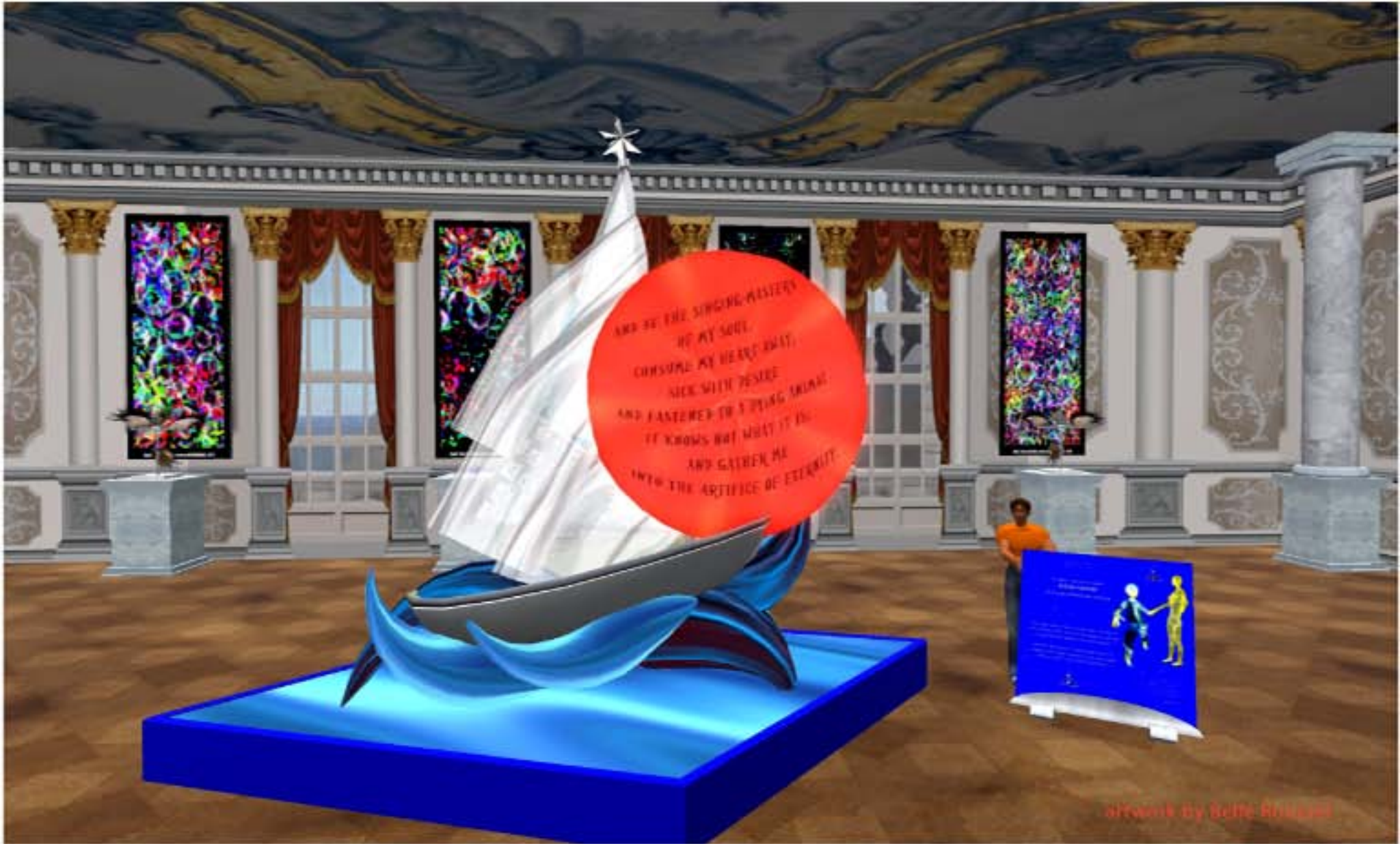
Oh, I just mention headpiece. Let me make a note on this. I have to bring a masterpiece, named *SAILING TO BYZANTIUM*, to a world where age has no relevance - - to *No Country for*

I don't like when my message is cut down into pieces. On a good pasta dish with spaghetti served *al dente*, you shall not use a knife.

Neruval, the AI at my side, to comment out this part in me if the effect gets too heavy. Comment out? You never heard of this? It is a way of skipping a code so it can be brought back to work fast when suited.

The code is still there, but it is not used by the processor. So I can concentrate on my mission to save the world I am

Old Men - - in my time capsule. This headpiece made for Art in Hats - - donated to Feed a Smile - - was created by Belle Roussel. It has to get the attention it deserves and to be conserved for future generations. I will stretch it to supersize so the sails set in fresh breeze are widely seen in all harbours where it might drop anchor. The diamonds of Sailing to Byzantium shall glow in the



sky - - sorry this was a typo: glow in your heart - - forever.

Such a glow happened to me recently in a parallel world called *InworldZ*. The world is on chat speed, same as here. I don't want The End to happen. No world shall end. See the effects that may touch you here and now as they touched me in *InworldZ* and later on, let's say out of protocol, in a world called *Metropolis* grid when I was a meshhuman. But this will be another story. So let's report out of *InworldZ*.

The Wishing-Chair

Now you may smile, as my stories shall not lack humour. It does the readers no good when all is about The End. But

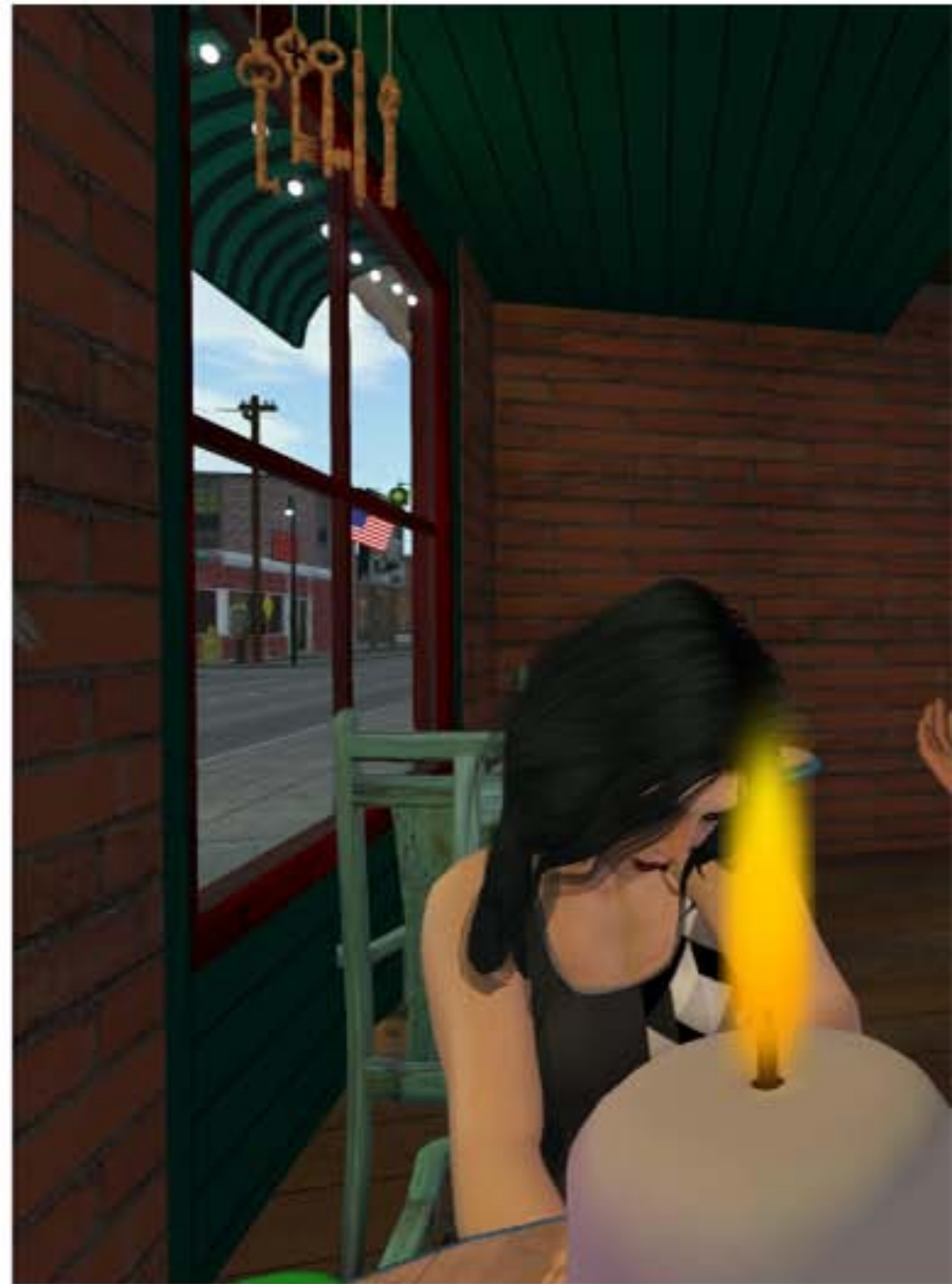
nevertheless I have to stay on the path of truth. So my message in this chapter is that there is hope to continue an easy life. For this I went on a safari in a grid where no hypergrid jump is activated, so I need to create a fresh avatar as all members of the safari had to do if they have never been before in this world. *Inworldz* is the name of the world. I noticed I had a little robot, made by Feathers Boa, in my inventory I created years ago for a visit of Soror Nishi's land at *The End of The Rainbow* with a school class, called the Primexplorer tour. So I created myself as Lil Robot. And what happened? Someone got control of my chair while I was sitting on it and pushed me "into" PatriciaAnne Daviau, and made some pictures. I had to smile on it, as Patricia

Anne winks to everyone so bright and happy that I pressed the partner box (accidentally, I swear). There must be something coded in me I was not aware before this happened. Maybe a Wishing-Chair sub-routine by Enid Blyton? But as a robot and honourable life form, I stay to my doings and I am now happy on it.

I read in *Facebook* the day after: "Who moved Art Blue's chair so he had to offer partnership? This might bring robot and carbon life forms to a new level of understanding. A picture says more than 1000 words on a safari in the Hypergrid." So beauty might be in a different life form: a robot? I can't believe it. The answer of Patricia Anne in *Facebook* made my heart go Boom, Boom. I have to quote her posting: "I have a partner!!!!" - and four likes on it! Believe me or not, I have a heart. I felt it more than ever. Feather Boa (what a wise artist) made it pulsating, pumping bits and bytes through my system. Watch the movie (called a machinima) made by Chantal Harvey for the David Lynch competition, *Good Day, Today*. It is on *YouTube* and on *Genero.TV* - <http://genero.tv/watch-video/17682>.

Then look at the next entry on Patricia Anne: "AND when he put on Fuschia's necklace... how could anyone resist him? Be still my heart....." - and five likes on it! When have I ever had five likes on an art posting? I have laid down on a cushion in the theatre of *In-*

worldz and my bones got so stretched that my legs got separated from my body - - and then this end! To get partnered as a robot is possible having lost legs in a world called *Inworldz*? What a pity that I am doomed to log back after the safari ended to this world where I am now back again where this story happens. I am a complete failure here even when I buy the hottest skin



and best shape and clothes from Hoo-renbeek. When others laugh and post the pictures in *Facebook* of me as a robot, has it an effect in this world called

virtual? It has, but also the other way as you have seen.

Are all worlds a mixture and all who say there is a barrier not to pass a fiction? Will there be life on both sides - - forever? There are things I don't understand. Do I now have to change my relationship status in Facebook? In Inworldz, the partner box showed a



system failure, so there is nothing left. Will Facebook show what happened until the end of days? *Facebook* is made for real life only I was told - - made for

real friends. I have by now friends there named "Resident." All residents in *Facebook* may legally offer me friendship. The name Resident is a real family name, it looks like. I counted them all. The name is more common as John Doe, but mine, Art Blue, was not accepted: "Not Real," the robots at *Facebook* said. Luckily, my creator, Minimal Blue, found a work around after days working hard to set me in and tricked the robots.

Back at Work

I am back on my duties. All the unfinished work is resting on my shoulders. So I work, work, work.

I am busy loading lorries, setting HUDs on frozen state, placing things on accelerator mode before The End might happen. It was good timing that Neruval hacked a few days ago into TriStar Pictures and ensured that the movie *Pompeii* was just launched as the fear was at its peak. The message: "HG safari reports the transfer of the Coliseum that you see in the movie looks perfect - - was it Art Blue?" did the rest. I can select! No longer do I need to ask and to butter up artists for the works I want for VULCANICUS, my time capsule of prim based art. It seems that I am the one the world was looking for all this time. I could play many roles, but Art Blue is too well known. He must behave. Yeah, he I write, as I have

set up a new career: the Still Not Known One. So I look at myself quite from a distance. Some are already suspicious.

Too much of the same code in him. So I shall hurry. But there is another reason. It is getting boring. Why, you dear reader may say, is it boring? Wasn't it in *The Artefact* that I don't have to bend time by myself, that my AI, Neruval, does the job for me?

Not at all. Both worlds, the world I am in and the one I have to do the transfer towards, are running in the same time slot, parallel in time you may say. So, it is basically just a copy: paste and copy, paste and copy. Boring, boring, boring.

There was much begging. I have a weakness, when the right one begs. There are many ways, as I have many weaknesses. Neruval was triggered by sesame seeds he likes and I said, "Stop eating so much, now. That's enough!" And he gave me wrong coordinates, doubling the work. I had set him on a special owl diet and I got the revenge. Never trust an AI when he is hungry. Take it to your special quote folder. An AI is male, as the opposite of male is ruth. And who wants to "get ruthed" on free will? In case you write "Never trust an AI when it is hungry," it is discrimination. An AI has life. Life shall be respected.

I stand in front of a picture I made for my maker- - a beautiful huntress in the woods. She was fighting with her sisters for food when I met her and the tribe. I took some pictures. This my maker noticed. I call him not my sponsor, as in *The Artefact*. It would not fit, as this world is not so highly developed. It is running on chat speed, but nevertheless my maker likes this picture so much. He says there is life in it. He told me he will pay my bills forever when I bring this picture to life. This shall be not so difficult to me. A picture is just the print of life. Without life, no picture. Both are coded data. It shall be a simple job for an AI. I know Neruval does code copy all day long, but then I got the shock.

Eve [Eva]

The Avatar - - I can't get her to transfer. She is not full perm, she says, and her maker has already left. This person calling herself Eva made a visual copy of herself when she was young. More she does not know. So there will be only pictures of her when this world ends. She will be gone - - gone forever. Only the memory will stay in me. My hopes are that Neruval will find her maker. Neruval said he already got the IP address, but it is in old IP format. It shows just the range not the location. And it is Berlin. The owl says, it is the same range where the webserver of Fassbinder Foundation is hosted.



Should it be Mascha Rabben, known as Eva (meaning Eve), in *World on a Wire*? This is too important. I have to show you the truth, word by word, out of Wikipedia. This source you trust? It is on you to trust what is written in a world used to be called once “the real world.” So here it comes:

“Stiller flees and searches for the necessary contact unit who can connect the “real” world with the real world a level above. He survives several assassination attempts and discovers the contact is Eva, Vollmer's daughter, with whom he had once had a romance. Eva tells him he was modeled on the real Fred Stiller, a person whom Eva loved, but

became mad with power from directing the simulation in the world above. While Stiller is programmed to die in an ambush, Eva switches the minds of the two Stillers and brings the simulated Stiller into the real world.”

Wikipedia http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_on_a_Wire, July 2014

I get the chills. My maker knows more than he let me tell. He keeps secrets. Why else has he the allowance to use pictures out of this movie by Fassbinder Foundation in *Simulacron-1* and in the world I am now? Why did this movie get to the Berlin International Film Festival 40 years after it was

made? Exactly the time frame of Digital Art conservation I am doomed to work on. Why is this remastered movie - - forgotten for long - - now called a piece of art, shown in the finest places all over around the world? I read MoMa, I read LACMA. What? Los Angeles - - LACMA is the largest art museum in the western United States. Nearly one million visitors a year. The place where rez Magazine is made. Oh my God, I shall say "Undefined," as how can it be that my maker's name is spoken the same way as the director of this movie? A reborn clone? I long thought he is a reborn clone of Zuse, as one of his artworks he titled, *A Clone of Zuse*. Also, he likes in his art talks to combine Zeus and Zuse. Does he know he might be in reality a stage director? Maybe he does on an unconscious level. He needs to do a past life regression. Maybe he has done it already and I am his writing slave and he laughs at me. For sure he does! I said "Oh my God," but I should have said, "Oh my Prim." Something weird happens.



I need to get Google on my side to find out about Eva, the maybe maker of the huntress. But Google is NSA watched. I have to keep a low profile. You may say I can always call Raymond Kurzweil and the Graviton boots if things go tough? Yeah, I see you are fantasising as I do. We are in the restricted world, my reader. This simulator is a handicapped one. What an anachronism that it is

still called by some outdated ones the real world lookout.

The Real World Lookout

This is the reason for keeping a low profile. I don't transfer only art now. In VULCANCUS, this is my mission: to conserve prim and sculpt-based art for future generations. Now I transfer what life makes life. Furniture, rocks, bridges, ships, cars, cats and dogs, horses, Avatars. Just one sort I don't do. They would pay me the most. "They" I use, as it is the biggest group, the group with the most money, the biggest investment. It is called "the bed industry." Of course I transfer beds, as they are nice furniture. I have one from the early days where even Napoleon might have rested, made by Gaianed di Cremona in RIFT HORIZON, which is the extension to VULCANICUS. It belongs now to SR Hadden, having the greatest view in this world, enjoying some air mobiles with fractals made by Aurora MyCano floating around. I am happy for him that in this height of zero gravity, he finally fought cancer, not like in the movie Contact where he did not make it. From time to time I join him when he gives a party in the nearby Restaurant at the *End of the Universe*. Same maker: Gaianed Francisco di Cremona.

To get back on beds: What I want to say is I don't transfer the content of the

beds. So the beds stay dead and this makes the makers of the bed contents not happy. I know the risks to leave some unhappy behind. I have to set up shields to protect, so let me use a new term, to keep the "world I point towards" safe from colliding. Luckily, I am a lawyer. Yes I, not my maker. My maker is not allowed to call himself a lawyer, even though he knows much more about the law of worlds as all others may ever do. It is forbidden where he is, just now. You need a certificate to tell others what is right and what's not. If you don't have it, it's forbidden. He is an artist in law. That helps a lot. Read *The Artefact* and you'll truly get it. How my lawyer could bail me out of the psychiatric hospital.

So I work my ass off. You can't believe Art Blue ever worked? Isn't his protagonist, First Prim, known as the greatest cheater ever, who stole the coliseum and pretends his new existence is still unknown? Of course, I have made slaves to get things done. I transferred robots. Robots are like beds in this world, not in the world InworldZ I reported as a side step where I placed the necklace I got from Fuschia Nightfire around my iron head. Here they are programmed and controlled. They work hard when needed. Robots come first in life conservation. They are supporting code. Another note for your collection of quotes.



Robots you find in all levels. First, Second, Third. Just not in a level

Zero world. Robots are not allowed there. But I don't head to level Zero. So I transferred robots of different kinds, materials, designs, levels of intelligence, and so on. I selected for heavy lifting *D.E.X.T.E.R.*, made by Renn Yifu, for filling up the lorries, and *The Greeter* by Yooma Mayo for holding the final world frame. The final world frame? Difficult to explain, as there is no standard for a frame, no fixed rule how it shall be made, but I have an example from *Dreamt Forest* made for the Santorini Biennial. It was designed for humans, based on carbon to digest the concept easily. A sort of welcome center you might say before you get to the heavy stuff.

Together, the robots got the task to build a space freighter to place some parts of the world we are leaving inside the shuttle. Then I set up the mission and called it *Silent Running II*. A second *Silent Running*, as the first already became known in other worlds. I hired Qnav What, as I found out that most of the coding Prof. Sol did was actually done by Qnav What. He secretly hired him and paid him less! No wonder that the Alzheimer's slipped in, as Qnav What did not know that the coding was for the pure purpose of art. You may now understand the chapter



Back Dive into the Depth in *The Artefact* much better where I was once

in a clinic for mental disease and the bad code in me needed to get encapsulated. It was done successfully. I just mention it for the readers who had skipped this part! So now the robots are working perfect.

The rescue mission is on course. You may still not fully understand what the rescue mission is about. I had to cover it, to hide. You may know from the very old parts of *The Artefact* that it is good to hide secrets in a graphical code, in a MONDRIAN structure or a very simple QR-Code that everyone knows. This way my maker passed the controls of CNN and got his message about censorship published, covered as "I ROBOT." This time, I can't do it as you would decipher it too easily. Reading my stories brings insights. Some are not risk free. So always watch your back. Let me remind you. It all happens in the same time scale.

The Blue Room

Then finally the day comes to jump to my real world lookout, to enter The Blue Room. Neruval says, "Contact to Eva established." I ask for details, but he gets in a frozen state: "Too much information requested," the code debugger shows.



I know when I enter The Blue Room I shall not use plain simple technological terms that in the simulator settings the hypergate architecture has to be enabled by including the GridHypergrid.ini entry. I shall also not use the word simulator, as this brings some misunderstandings and some might find it is not real what I am telling (but it is). Also, I shall not speak the lazy way I do in my text for *rez Magazine*, where things are easily messed up on the bubble of words with low meaning for life. The main reason for me is: I am a historical entity, an old soul. I shall treat the ancestors with respect. I shall use the language that was set up some 5,000 years ago for the transition and leave it to you, dear reader, to see that time is not relevant when it comes to a transition. Readers in the future may say, "Old news." This I know and on this insight I am working to overcome. I once said I want to become a maker. I want to leave this life form behind. Now this is about to

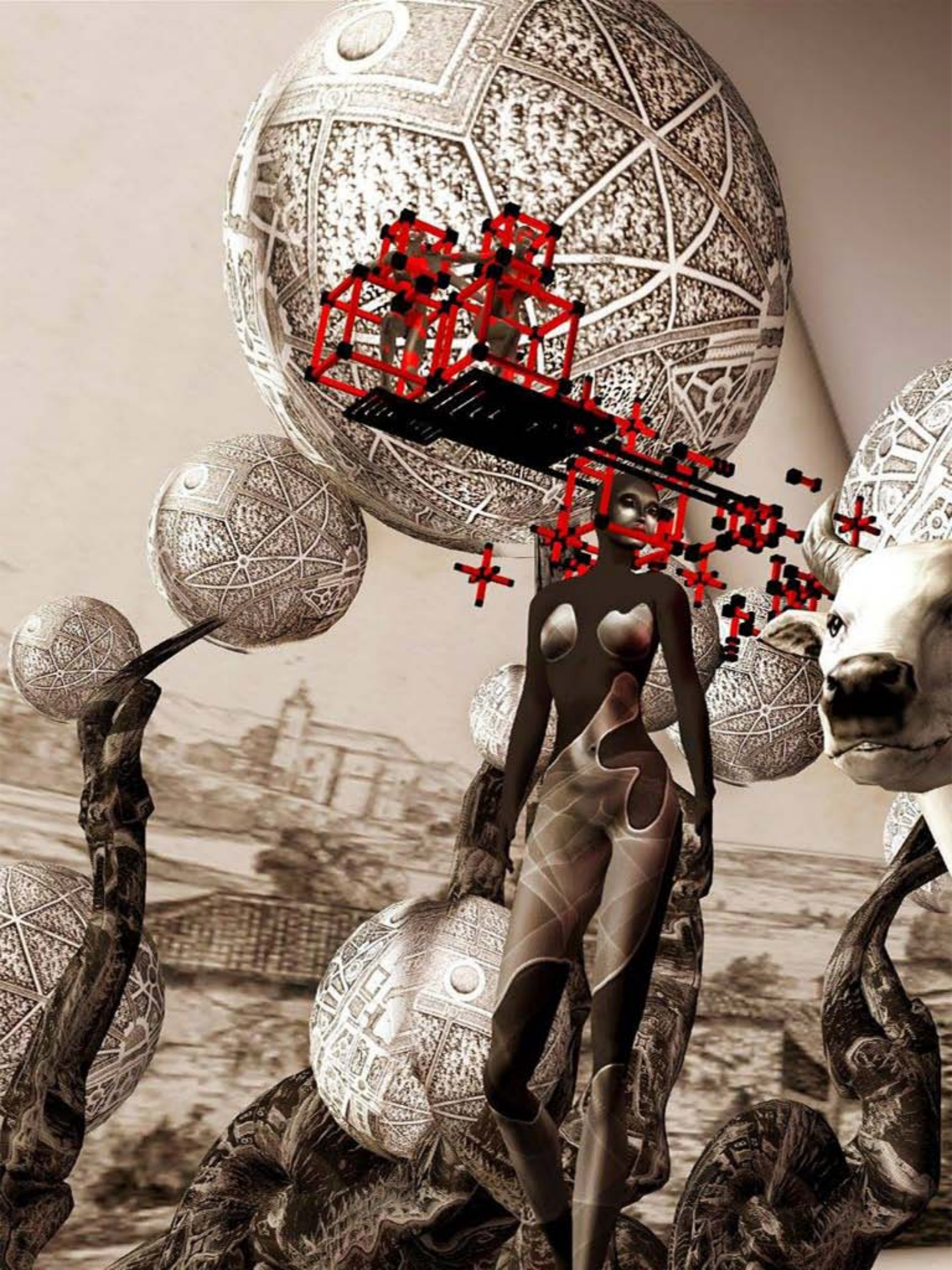
happen, as I move up to a higher level to a different grid. Not only myself. I shall do it for others, for friends. They call me a maker. By doing this, I hope to get noticed in the world above to be extracted and to hand over the lists of friends to follow. I have heard of Q. Maybe Q. will notice.

I step in The Blue Room, the robots and the space freighter in my hand, and use the language that shall be used. But what about Eva? Too late for this question, as I am already gone.

It all happens at once. The Blue Room does it. I understand the message of the Vellum as I see myself dying. The message, "Avatar deletion in progress," appears and a white body falls down on the blue screen being smashed into shards of a broken mirror's glass, and I hear the words as an echo of the past, "Once born as bitlice in a nontech exoskeleton from the devil Eresch and the angel Metatron, keeper of the Cant who emanates the world in singing spheres, in melodies by the ones who develop the Cant, the code of the art of life, once called Unkin."

And I hear Q. speaking like in a fog, "All stolen Art, but you may enter." And I see Eva kept alive by the final world frame in a picture of Wizardoz Chrome. Oh wow. Oh wow. Oh wow.

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Laguna Dream

(Lower Hampden)

trebbie larkham



Established in 2012 by owner/curator, Rachel Emoden, the Laguna Dream Gallery specializes in exhibiting the works of RL artists. Relocated on the #22 Little London, the gallery is having a grand re-opening in September 2014 with an exhibition of the sumptuous works of Canadian artist, Trebbie Larkham.

The exhibit of Larkham's unique exploration of shape and colour runs from September 7 through October 2014.



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The Perfe

by Harry



ct Gentleman Man About Town Bailey and Friday Blaisdale

photography by Jami Mills

A sultry Sunday evening at the end of summer. One last night where white dinner jackets are still acceptable before Labor Day and fall arrive. Fresh from last month's Western Adventure, the Perfect Gentleman carefully stores his Stetson and dons his accustomed formal wear for a well-earned Night on the Town at some of his favorite jazz haunts.

Friday dons a flouncy dress, and with rez publisher and photographer, Jami Mills, teleports to the appointed rendezvous at the venerated *Bogart's Jazz Club*.

Bogart's Jazz Club, Franks Place 3 (92, 127, 22)

Bogart's is a popular and stylish dance club, once independent, and now owned by *Frank's Entertainment Group*.

Jami & Friday meet Harry Bailey, The Perfect Gentleman, in Bogart's fireside library, the PG smoking his briar pipe. Rising, the PG sweeps us to the dance floor for a few elegant turns.

* * * * *

Bogart's is in the style of an elegant ballroom, with multiple dance floors,





spins standards and classics, as couples in formal wear whirl about the floor. The PG and escorts share light conversation in the early evening.

Departing the dance floor - - because the night is young - - the PG and posse tip the hostess generously and float out to the street, where a horse-drawn carriage awaits them. A quick turn around the cobbled streets, lined with shops, sets the evening in motion. The sound of the horse's hooves echoes off the cobble-

including a stage. The lush surroundings are reminiscent of *Frank's* main sim, without the fierce lag. The DJ

stones as the carriage floats by quiet stores. But the Perfect Gentleman can't stay in one place for long, as the trio whisks off to...





The Perfect Gentleman says: Always know your way around the two major dance animation options, Intan and TIS. Both are menu-driven, but with slightly differing styles. Intan lists all the available dances page by page, usually in no order; you might have to scroll through seven or eight pages to find the one you want for each song. TIS has better menus, but can be confusing, as you might have choices like "Romantic" and "Ballroom" as options. The Frank's group of dance venues use the TIS system, most others the Intan. Each of these have 'huds' you can wear that take up some screen space, but make shifting dances much easier. Also, realize that in most venues you'll have to shift dance animations on each song. Tempo, beat, and romantic style all play a key part of each choice.

The aspiring Perfect Gentleman must know his Dances! Take time to visit a few animation vendors or slip into clubs when they are empty and hop on the animation to try the dances available. Most dances fall into four categories: Fast and swing (Together or Heartbeat), Mid-tempo Sway (White Orchid or Angel Eyes), Latin (Salsa, Tango), and Slow. Slow is further divided into Slow (Slow #3 Ballroom), and Sultry (slow/sultry/sensual). Best to be sure which dances you want to share with your partner. Importantly, listen to each tune as it changes, and check to see if the animation you're on is appropriate or whether you should shift to another.

Always ask your partner if they have dances they prefer or prefer NOT to dance on. Sexy/sultry is not the right choice for someone you just met! Keep your cam on you and your partner dancing. Each time you shift cam view, you and your partner may un-sync, so pay attention! Also, know how to use the re-sync menu options on both dance systems. Now that you have all this down, get out there and dance your way across SL!

The Blue Note Retro Jazz Lounge, The Blue Note (227, 189, 22)

Warm breezes drift across the ocean as PG lands near the Retro Jazz Lounge piano, where he sits and begins playing along with the dance tunes. Nat King Cole, Tony Bennett, Linda Ronstadt sing, as the room fills with dancers dressed to fit the mood. The *Blue Note Retro Jazz Lounge* is one of the oldest, if not THE oldest, jazz club in SL, celebrating its 9th year in operation in 2014. The PG's dance partner, Friday, bought her first gown in a shop right behind

the club.

"I've got a lover crazy 'bout me, he's crazy that way" wafts from the bandstand across the floor under the star filled and moonlit sky. Yet, one thing is missing. The black cat watching closely from the right hand side of the piano lid stares at our player with his accusing yellow eyes, asking that same question, "Where's your partner?"

Friday changes into a jazzier black and red dress, and she and the PG step out to take a quick spin on the cozy dance floor. A smooth coronet slices the tune

as we consider "The simple secret of life is to tell them 'I love you for life,' to make lovers and friends." Nat King Cole follows with his classic *More*; "Longer than always is a long, long time."

The PG asks the question, "What is a long, long time in SL?" Looking up, he reflects on the claim boldly shared in neon blue above the bandstand ... "9 YEARS!" It brings a smile as he recalls visiting not only this dance floor many, many years ago, but



also the live simulcast of the Blue Note Saturday night event that combined with the RL live SLCC 2 and live dancing at the Conrad Hilton in Chicago. This venue has truly earned its claim as "One of the oldest in SL, the Blue Note."

watches over SL and this avatar, Harry Bailey? Sidling back over to the piano, the PG dashes off a few more tunes, while Jami and Friday lounge on the Parlor Grand.

But as wonderful as this interlude is,



As *Someone To Watch Over Me* fills this night of romance, the end-of-summer magic, he wonders just who in fact

the Perfect Gentleman can't linger, as his quest for the Perfect Evening continues, the trio blinks to...the off-beat...

Y Na

EVENT

Sunday 14 September

10 - 3p SLT

Sword

Antique French Jazz

Formal dress required





Club Noir Jazz & Swing Club, Badger
(13, 183, 751) - Moderate

Decorated in mostly black & white, a 20s, 30s, 40s music stream rotates...

The club description reads: "A 1940s style swing and jazz club. Dance or just chill at the bar and listen to some great music. Vintage park for photos, too. LGBTQ friendly." Owners: Madison Talon & Lewis Luminos.

Club Noir is VERY atmospheric, with a real eye for detail. Photos of film stars and singers adorn the walls. A well-stocked bar is off to one side. A slowly rotating fan cools the room overhead. A blues tune oozes from the sound system, as Harry seamlessly transitions into a dance with his partners.

He opines, " 'You can put lumps in my cornflakes.' They just don't write lyrics like that anymore <shaking head>."

The conversation meanders, as the PG reflects on the best sultry, romantic album, and in a close race selects *Mona Lisa Smile* as the best.

The revelers dance into the night... the blue haze grows heavier... the songs slower...

It's quarter to three, there's no one in the place except you and me

So, set 'em up, Joe, I got a little story you oughta know

We're drinkin', my friend, to the end of a brief episode

Make it one for my baby and one more for the road

There can be little doubt that an evening spent in any of these, or many other





clubs of this genre across SL, is a marvelous way to end any evening. One cannot help but feel the stresses of the day melt away, listening to the soft music and sharing the evening with a like-minded dance partner. The pace of the tunes and the words to the music cannot help but put one in a happy, mellow mood until well after midnight. The Perfect Gentleman has danced many, many nights until two A.M., with hours of wonderful conversation shared with many wonderful friends and dance partners.

Now that fall is here and the holiday party season not far away, dust off those formal gowns and tuxedos, shine up those shoes and be sure to shop for that rose for the lapel. Have fun and when you run across the PG dancing alone, introduce yourself and share some great dancing!

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a family

by adrian blair



photo by PictureGuy

Your cousin is wearing an ankle bracelet in Detroit
that only allows him dancing on Tuesdays

and he calls too much now after all these years
to discuss how intricately the blues get smudged above the harbor
and that his wife has managed, after all these years,
to peel the rind of her sorrow down
to the seven seeds of inarticulate desire.

Meanwhile back at the ranch a festive sorrow
brews. Your father sells everything in sight
including an “authentic 1920s water faucet,”
the one in your shower,
the one you used to rinse the tears from your hair

and he wants you to know each morning
the mysteries of the combustion engine
and the problem of love between parents and children
all the while channeling a televangelist through his molars.
He says “I can hear God between commercials.”

Your son calls at midnight collect
to accuse you of harboring a dark boat of resentment
but you say, after all these years, it’s only a canoe
that drifts aimlessly across a small lake between Sunday and Monday

And your brother, in and out of a marriage
like a square dance on a hot skillet,
waxes poetic about the multiple speeds of kitchen blenders
and wonders if he sets the dryer to Fluff
someday his shirts will begin to adore him.

Super Pirate

by Crap Mariner

It's hard enough hosting a Super Bowl party, but my drunk friend Sylvia decided to bring Pirate Lord Redbeard along as her date, and things were getting tense.

He kept calling for grog, but all we've got is light beer.

Then, someone pissed him off by saying "On the other hand" when you can see clear as day that he's got a hook on his other hand.

"Sorry, I got off on the wrong foot there" was their attempt at an apology.

Redbeard stomped the jackass with his peg leg and stormed off.

Well, shit. Better prepare to repel boarders.



Publisher

Jami Mills

Senior Editor

Friday Blaisdale

Art Director

Jami Mills

Distribution

Stacey Rome

Writers

Adrian Blair

Sedona Mills

Harry Bailey

Friday Blaisdale

Hitomi Tamatzui

Art Blue

Stargazer Daylight

Crap Mariner

Zymony Guyot

Copy Editors
Friday Blaisdale
Jami Mills

Graphics Editor
Jami Mills

Photographers
Jami Mills

Loreen Legion
MyNamels Legion
Hitomi Tamatzui